

Our nation is a very flat surface surrounded by water.

Large and circular.

It was founded by men who mined gold and precious resource.

It is now past the year 4000 time is not important to the inhabitants of 5-3009 1.

It was a name given to the Rock.

It had all the ingredients needed to give life.

It was surrounded by darkness and giant objects in the sky.

Time has been predicted to end and begin again.

Religion is changing.

In our time humanity has seen much sacrifice.

Trees dead, Animals slaughtered, Men and children at war.

Life disappears.

It is locked away for safekeeping.

The times of ignorance are over.

Excess is definite, excess is a resource.

"Oh my."

-"How terrible."

James had been asleep all day with a headache.

Thinking.

"How are you today James?" Asked his Mother.

"My head hurts."

"Have you been drinking water?" -

"Yes, Mother" Replied James.

" I have just been thinking alot."

It was difficult getting used to America.

The time 4000 was different than 2000 years ago.

2000 years ago trash was every where.

Structures were Wooden and disposable.

The Government was changing everything.

It was doing away with rubbish and changing everything.

Society was becoming institutional.

It was a new trend.

"What are you thinking about? - you make me worried."

asked his mother.

"I have a lot too do and not enough time during the day."

Said James.

10,000 miles away the World changed at the borders of the concivable known as the End.

Rocks were piled.

Animals were counted and put away.

Lizard monsters walked the wilderness.

Sand and stone forced and put together.

It was another Society it was based on hunt, work, and blood sacrifice.

No one crossed the boundary made of rubble and dust.

Rubble from the destruction that had been made to change the world and shape it to outlast any orders.

It was rumored the Angels had appeared to many before the great destruction.

It was law to allow blood sacrifice.

It brought people closer to Angels.

The new Destrution and construction on the other side was dissapointing.

"The times are changing."

"We can live our life here and sacrifice our food, kill monsters."

"Out there we are wild."

"On Judgement day we can be Hungry Children or Prisoners."

Said Bill.

"It souds radical - even today."

"Can I ask you something? - ... Have you ever seen one?"

asked Charlie.

"Seen What?"

asked Bill.

"An Angel?"

Our nation is a flat, vast surface surrounded by water.

Large and circular.

It was founded by men who mined gold and other precious resources.

Now, it is the year 4000, though time holds little importance to the inhabitants of 5-3009-1.

This was the name given to the Rock—a place containing all the ingredients needed to sustain life.

It stands amidst darkness, with colossal objects dotting the sky.

Time, as we know it, has been predicted to end and begin again. Religion shifts and evolves.

In our era, humanity has endured much sacrifice.

The trees have withered.

Animals are slaughtered.

Men and children perish in endless wars.

Life fades, locked away in safekeeping.

The age of ignorance is over.

Excess is inevitable, yet excess itself becomes a resource.

"Oh my."

"How terrible."

James had slept all day, his head aching as he drifted through thought.

"How are you today, James?" asked his mother.

"My head hurts."

"Have you been drinking water?"

"Yes, Mother," James replied. "I've just been thinking a lot."

Adjusting to life in America had been difficult for him. The time of 4000 was far removed from the world 2000 years before. Back then, trash littered the streets, and wooden, disposable structures defined the landscape.

The government had reshaped everything, eliminating waste and transforming society into a rigid, institutional system. It was the new trend—order through radical change.

"What are you thinking about? You're making me worried," his mother said.

"I have so much to do and not enough time in the day," James answered.

10,000 miles away, the world shifted near the borders of the conceivable—known simply as the End.

Here, rocks were piled high, animals were counted and stored, and lizard-like monsters roamed the wilderness.

Sand and stone were shaped and forced together to build something lasting.

This was another society, one rooted in hunting, labor, and blood sacrifice. No one

dared cross the boundary of rubble and dust. This debris was the remnant of a world destroyed and reshaped to endure beyond orders and chaos alike.

It was said that angels had appeared to many before the great destruction.

Blood sacrifice had become law, a sacred act believed to bring humanity closer to these celestial beings.

On the other side of the boundary, however, the new construction was sterile and disheartening—a lifeless reflection of the destitution it sought to replace.

“The times are changing.

We can live here, sacrifice our food, and hunt monsters,” Bill said.

“Out there, we are wild. On Judgment Day, we can either be hungry children or prisoners.”

“It still sounds radical, even today,” Charlie replied.

“Can I ask you something?” Charlie paused, hesitating.

“Have you ever seen one?”

“Seen what?” Bill asked.

“An angel.”

Angels were not a rare sight.

Not this time.

Nor have they ever been.

It was a time of change and great difficulty.

The laws that govern the planet the home to many men.

It was consuming.

The spoken word of God had been handed down to Men on both sides.

The angels will now observe men.

On one side is Wilderness on one side is institutional Society.

This was a dream that was given to people in our time.

How can we interpret this message from the angels this dream.

Are there other stories that we can collect and how can we learn from them?

Our nation is a vast, flat surface surrounded by water.

Large and circular.

It was founded by men who mined gold and precious resources.

It is now past the year 4000. Time no longer holds significance for the inhabitants of 5-3009-1.

This was the name given to the Rock—a place with all the ingredients needed to sustain life.

It was encircled by darkness and immense objects in the sky.

Time has been predicted to end and begin again.

Religion is shifting.

In our time, humanity has endured immense sacrifice.

The trees are dead.

Animals have been slaughtered.

Men and children wage endless wars.

Life fades, locked away for safekeeping.

The age of ignorance has passed.

Excess is inevitable, yet excess itself has become a resource.

"Oh my."

"How terrible."

James had slept all day, his head aching as he tried to think clearly.

"How are you today, James?" his mother asked.

"My head hurts," he replied.



“Have you been drinking water?”

“Yes, Mother,” James answered. “I’ve just been thinking a lot.”

Adjusting to life in America was difficult.

The year 4000 was a world apart from 2000 years ago.

Back then, trash was everywhere, and structures were wooden and disposable.

The government had reshaped society, eliminating waste and transforming everything. It was doing away with rubbish, enforcing order, and institutionalizing society. This new trend defined their existence.

“What are you thinking about? You’re making me worried,” his mother said.

“I have so much to do and not enough time during the day,” James replied.

10,000 miles away, the world shifted near the borders of the conceivable—known simply as the End.

Here, rocks were piled high, animals were counted and stored, and lizard-like monsters roamed the wilderness.

Sand and stone were forced together, forming structures meant to last.

This was another society, one built on hunting, labor, and blood sacrifice. No one dared cross the boundary of rubble and dust. This debris was the remnant of destruction, a deliberate reshaping of the world to endure beyond orders and chaos alike.

It was said that angels had appeared to many before the great destruction.

Blood sacrifice became law, a sacred ritual believed to bring people closer to the angels.

But on the other side of the boundary, the new construction was sterile, lifeless—a disheartening reflection of destitution and hope lost.

“The times are changing.

We can live here, sacrifice our food, and kill monsters,” Bill said.

“Out there, we are wild. On Judgment Day, we can either be hungry children or prisoners.”

“It still sounds radical, even today,” Charlie replied.

“Can I ask you something?” Charlie paused, hesitating.

“Have you ever seen one?”

“Seen what?” Bill asked.

“An angel.”

Angels were not a rare sight.

Not in this time.

Nor had they ever been.

It was a time of change and great difficulty. The laws that governed the planet—the home to many men—were consuming.

The spoken word of God had been handed down to men on both sides.

The angels would now only observe.

On one side lay the Wilderness.

On the other, the institutional Society.

This division was a vision—a dream—granted to the people of this age.

But how are we to interpret this message from the angels, this dream?

Are there other stories we can collect?

How can we learn from them?